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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

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We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

And leave us down to sleep;
Whether to wake or weep,
Or wake no more be best.

Why vex our souls with care?

The grave is cool and low;

Have we found life so fair?

That we should dread to go?

We've kissed love's sweet, red lips,

And left them sweet and red.

The rose the wild bee sips

Blooms on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we've found,

But those who use us best,

When we are under ground,

Will laugh on with the rest.

No task have we begun

But other hands can take;

No work beneath the sun

For which to wait is waste.

Then held us fast, sweet death,

If so it seemeth best

To Him who gave us breath

That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep,

Our weary eyes we close;

Whether to wake or weep,

Or wake no more, he knows.

—Christian Union.

THE MAIL-CARRIER.

A STORY OF THE WINTER OF 1864.

here, now there, uncertain where to go. It finally sought refuge on Dalton's furred coat. Others soon followed with hesitation, now stopping and ascending, as though to return to the home whence they came, but finally descending and seeking rest in obscure hiding places. These insignificant specks became larger, more numerous, bolder, took possession of white. The situation was plain—a snow storm the terrible was at hand.

Dalton thought of the comfortable little cottage by the roadside, and the dear ones it contained. One night in the mountains he had battled against the snow, and out of ten companions, he was the only survivor of that terrible experience.

The snow now raged with increasing power. The snowflakes were blown about in blinding myriads. All traces of the road, at best never very clearly defined, were covered. The biting wind blasts were moaning by; night came prematurely in a wall of darkness; all was a wild waste for the sport of the elements.

Dalton, unable to see an inch ahead, or to form the remotest idea what direction to take, let the reins fall on the horse's neck, leaving him unrestrained, and hurried on by the strength of his hand. He grasped what was certainly the limb of a tree, and then all doubt disappeared.

He was at the Lone Tree, only five miles from home and safety. Here, indeed, it was safe to stop, but he had not, so far as he could see, a place to go. Suddenly he stopped, with an abruptness which nearly threw the rider, who, reaching, touched what seemed to be the trunk of a tree. Extending his hand higher, he grasped what was certainly the limb of a tree, and then all doubt disappeared.

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The only solution was to move on, if it might be at the bidding of chance, and motion was absolutely essential to prevent the blood from congealing to the very heart. The rider found it was necessary to make the horse feel the rein, to endeavor to impart confidence to him and to urge him forward.

A long time elapsed—it seemed to Dalton many hours—but his only measure of time was his bodily and mental suffering. He endeavored to penetrate the darkness, straining his eyes to a painful tension, in the hope of seeing some friendly light or hearing some human sound—something to tell him he was not alone.

Fate was mocking him. The horse stood trembling with exhaustion, and could not go another step. He tottered and staggered about in the deep snow, struck heavily against an upright object.

Could it be the signboard post which stood on the little knoll just east of his home?

Oh, no! Horror more chilling than the wind and snow! It was the Lone Tree! All those terrible hours he had been in the dark, with his only companion the combat continued. On the first day the leader of the gallant little band fell, and Dalton, then a youth, was selected, on account of his cool, determined bravery, to carry on the defense.

When relief came, he was found behind an extemporized barricade, at the entrance of a narrow canyon, his companions either dead or wounded, holding his post with a desperate courage which would have abated with death only.

At the time I presented him to the reader, he was fully fifty years old, but still possessed of a remarkable physique, and was in excellent condition for his age.

He was a man of iron constitution, and the winter had added to the long list of his sufferings.

Many a weary mile had he trudged through the snow, with his only companion the combat continued. On the first day the leader of the gallant little band fell, and Dalton, then a youth, was selected, on account of his cool, determined bravery, to carry on the defense.

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